

# The Watauga Democrat

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## Capt. Edmund Jones

In another column will be seen the announced candidacy of Capt. Edmund Jones for the office of Attorney General of North Carolina. The office of Attorney General is one of the most important offices in the State, requiring the very best skill of the ablest lawyer to properly discharge the duties of the office. He is not only required to represent the State's interest before the Supreme Court of the State in all important criminal cases on appeal, but he is required to represent the State in all of its litigation. He is often required to appear before the Supreme Court of the United States. A simple review of his duties will convince every voter that we need the very best legal talent in the State to discharge the duties of this office. As the State becomes more a government of regulation and control of all public service corporations the demands upon this office become greater.

Captain Edmund Jones has not only the legal training but the practical experience that is necessary to give force to his knowledge. Educated in the law at the University of Virginia and devoting a life of untiring energy to the study and practice of his profession he is now recognized among the legal profession as one of the ablest and best equipped lawyers in the State. He has been a student of all the kindred branches of the law, and in literature has a vast store of information always at his command to add force to the presentation of every legal proposition. His polish of manners combined with an attractive personality has won for him a high social position in the State. While he has devoted a great part of his life in close application to the law, he has never failed to take the deepest interest in politics—his democracy beginning with his first vote. When a mere boy, when the cause of his own Southland drew into the vortex of war the young manhood of the South, he was found among them fighting valiantly for the Southern cause. When the Nation was drawn into war by a foreign foe and the South had an opportunity to prove her loyalty to the flag of the Union, Captain Jones was one of the first to tender his services to the Government and remained in the service until the close of the Spanish-American war.

There has never been a campaign waged in North Carolina for the success of democracy that did not find Captain Jones in the thickest of the fight, working for the success of his friends and his party. Desiring to devote his time to the practice of law, he has always in the past readily yielded splendid opportunities for political promotion to his friends, and has spent his life fighting for them rather than for himself. The result is that his nearest political friends around him have risen to high positions, aided much by his assistance, while he has received nothing at the hands of the Democratic party. He has now reached the period in life where the Democratic party must reward him for his long and faithful service, if it ever expects to. There is no man in North Carolina who deserves more and has received less at the hands of his party than Capt. Jones. If offices are to be a reward for services measured by every standard of party loyalty and patriotic service to his country, Capt. Jones is entitled to this recognition. We believe the man who is willing to take up arms twice in defense of his State can be depended upon to guard her interests as her legal adviser. Capt. Jones is well

## Buried Before Born

Tradition says that in the old Stewartville cemetery, about four miles east of Laurinburg, there is a man buried who was born after his mother had supposedly died and had been buried. The story has long been told, and many strangers who came to this section and first heard the strange story, would hear it with that look of doubt that is always apparent when seemingly impossible stories are told. It is one of those strange, unreasonable stories, one that you would expect some one to tell when it was understood that jokes were being told. It is nevertheless said to be true, and the writer has heard it often repeated, and has seen folks who have never heard the story, shake their heads in doubt and walk off, as much as to say, "that's a lie." We are not swearing to the absolute truth of it, but from the time we were a kid, it has been told and we have seen some folks in times past that seemed to be sure enough of the facts to make oath to them.

There is buried in the cemetery a Rev. Mr. Lindsay, who was a Presbyterian preacher, and it is about him that the story is told. It is said that his mother became ill and apparently died. So sure that she was really dead, her loved ones followed her to the grave and she was buried. With her was buried a number of valuable rings. In the evening after the body was buried that afternoon, persons wanting to secure the valuable jewelry dug up the body. They could not remove the rings from the fingers and attempted to cut the fingers off. As soon as the fingers were cut the woman spoke and of course the would-be robbers fled. She then walked home and called her husband to help her to the house. Years after this child was born, and it was none other than the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, who sleeps in old Stewartville cemetery. Mr. Lindsay preached through this section years ago. This strange incident is recalled by the fact that an association has been formed and incorporated whose purpose it is to rearrange and beautify this historic burying ground.—Laurinburg Exchange.

## Bernhardt's Wish

Madame Sarah Bernhardt (whose leg was recently amputated) is cured. To see her walk one could doubt that she had been maimed, thanks to the miracles of surgery and mechanics. She is much more courageous than heretofore. She looks at her articulated leg and smiles.

"It pleases me," she says, "and it would please me entirely if it should be celebrated by two of my best friends—one a poet and the other a painter. I wish that the adorable Edmond Rostand would celebrate it in a little poem and that my faithful Clairin would make it the subject of a beautiful drawing."

Rostand and Clairin have been apprised of the wish of the grand tragedienne and it is said that they will not delay to respond to it.—Le Ci de Paris.

Cars have been designed for an electric railroad in Ireland to be run by gasoline-electric generators which they carry or by the overhead trolley system.

known in Watauga; he is well known in every household as the friend of the county and one who has always stood for its development, and why should not every member of his party stand by him as one man aiding in electing this splendid citizen to the high office of Attorney General.

## Improving Blowing Rock

The following appeared as an editorial in last Thursday's issue of the Charlotte News:

Thank's to the magnificent public highways, Blowing Rock has been brought within easy reach of Charlotte and each summer hundreds of Charlotte people run up to the Rock, to Linville and other cooling spots in the mountain vicinity to whiff the mountain breezes, cool off and become invigorated with draughts of ozone.

Without doubt one of the most picturesque beauty spots in the United States, Blowing Rock has for years attracted hundreds of visitors, despite its former inaccessibility. The building of a magnificent turnpike from Lenoir to the Rock has brought it within easier reach of the tourist and this season it is overrun with visitors.

One thing which has always been lacking in order to make Blowing Rock one of the most sought out resorts by Northern and other tourists has been its lack of amusements.

Realizing this fact the Blowing Rock Development Company has just decided at a stockholders' meeting to spend fifteen thousand dollars or more on the laying out of a modern golf course. Additional funds will be spent upon other amusements and attractions, and before another season is on Blowing Rock will be provided with the various sports and amusements which have contributed to the success of other resorts, in addition to its superlative scenery and cooling breezes.

This doesn't seem unduly true that henceforth the Rock will gain in popularity.

Many Americans spend hundreds of dollars in order to visit Europe and enjoy the scenery of foreign lands when here in Western Carolina mountain ranges they could feast upon scenery unsurpassed anywhere on the globe.

We have hardly appreciated our own assets until lately, and just now, beginning to realize the wealth of beauty showered upon us, commissioners of the various mountain counties are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on good roads so that visitors may easily reach the hundreds of points of interest in the mountain territory. The result is a great influx of tourists to the Carolina mountains who formerly sought out the beauties of the Rockies and other places in this and other countries.

We are glad to note this announced improvement at Blowing Rock. Search as one may no more beautiful mountain scenery can be found anywhere in the world than that of the Blowing Rock section.

## Carnegie's Fortune

When rumors were flashed over the land again one day recently that Andrew Carnegie was dead the query on everybody's lips was: "How much money did he leave?"

Mr. Carnegie himself made the immortal remark that it is a crime to die rich—being one crime which most of us will escape without violent effort. But how much is Carnegie worth?

Since he sold his steel works the income from the bonds he received in payment has amounted to \$210,000,000. Hence the Laird might have spent \$5,000,000 a year to maintain his frugal household and have given away \$140,000,000 and still have all of his original fortune intact.—Baltimore Sun.

United States naval officers have developed a colored glass which renders visible the fumes from smokeless powder.

## Edmund Jones a Candidate

The Democrats of Caldwell county, and of other counties of northwestern North Carolina, present to the party in the State, for the office of Attorney General, the name of Captain Edmund Jones of Lenoir, N. C.

For some time past his name has been prominently mentioned in that connection and since the declaration of Hon. R. A. Doughton, who is from the same section, the requests for him to become a candidate have been frequent and urgent. Mr. Jones, after deliberation, has decided to enter the race, and from now on may be considered a candidate.

To this part of North Carolina, Mr. Jones needs no introduction; but, to those in other parts of the State, it will not be amiss to say, that he was surrendered with General Lee's Army, at Appomattox, when not yet 17 years of age. Returning home from the battlefield, he entered the University of North Carolina, and when that was disrupted by the carpet-baggers, finished his college course at the University of Virginia.

The ink was hardly dry on his diploma, when he plunged at once into the fight to redeem the State from the horrors of reconstruction. When only 21 years of age he was elected to the Legislature from his native county, and remained a member until peace had settled over the States and Government had been restored to the people. When this was done he took up the practice of his profession, of which he has since been a diligent follower. His standing as a lawyer is known to bench and bar throughout North Carolina. As a man and citizen he is admired, loved and trusted.

Edmund Jones is no politician and has never sought preferment outside of his profession; but no campaign of importance has ever passed that he has not given his time, his voice and his means to the advancement of his party's cause and the interests of political and personal friends. He is first and last a lawyer, and that is what is generally supposed to be the requisite for the office of Attorney General.

Such is the candidate offered by Caldwell county; the only county in North Carolina that for 30 years after the close of the Civil War never had a Republican officer or representative.

J. C. SEAGLE,  
Chairman Democratic Executive Committee.

## Money for Church Paid for Quart

There are all sorts of fakes. Last week there were more in town than usual and they had all sorts of schemes. One man had been blown up in an explosion in Cuba. Another had lost his speech and hearing from an attack of typhoid and was out begging money to send himself to the State School for the Deaf and Dumb at Morganton to learn the printer's trade. But it remained for a colored woman to pull off the biggest fake of all Saturday afternoon. She "circulated" around on Main street for an hour or longer, begging money for a church. "Mister, please give me a little money on my card," was her appeal. Many gave. There were no large contributions, mostly nickels and dimes. A little later in the afternoon that same woman was lined up along the counter at the Southern Express Company's office, waiting for her quart, and she paid the charges in nickels and dimes.—Lexington Dispatch

Don't live in the past. An ounce of tomorrow is worth a pound of yesterday.

## "Blue Sky"

Once upon a time a city desk man who had saved a portion of his salary, listened to a promoter from Santa Loona, Cal., whose company was distilling gold from sea water. He listened too long. Today the promoter has the gold and the desk man the water.

The next man who came by was a solicitor for the Spineless Cactus, Inc., of Corpus Christopher, N. M. The desk man bought. This spineless corporation never had backbone enough to get up and answer inquiries about dividends. This also was vanity and vexation of spirit.

The next man along represented the Figless Fig Syndicate of Holy Smoke Valley, Ariz., and the next man the Pineless Pineapple of St. Pollyann, Fla. The desk man is now saying up enough to pay for an excursion to the hole where these disappeared.

Finally a sympathetic friend gave the desk man a bum steer on the wheat market. Like Pharaoh's ill-favored kine, this brute ate up the wheat and was none the fatter therefor. So it fell out that this investment, like unto its predecessors, buttered no parsnips for the desk man.

And all this while close about the daily walks of this desk man and out in nearby country places were lots and acres of earth so full of substantial value that you couldn't knock the profit out of them with a hickory club. The acres raised salable potatoes and the lots rose in salable value and people grew well to-do on the proceeds.

Thus appears the truth of the adage, "Anybody can save money but it takes a wise man to spend it."—Minneapolis Journal.

## Long Delayed Letter Returned

Some time during the month of March, in the year 1862, Miss Sude Gardner, then a young woman, wrote a letter to her father, who was then in the State of Florida. En route to post the missive she dropped it somewhere on the street and, although making diligent search for it after the loss was discovered, she failed to find it. Fifty-three years have sped by since the day that the little girl lost the letter to her dad and during this time the little girl grew to womanhood and married a Richardson and is now residing on George street in this city. In a few days Mrs. Richardson will again see that letter, for it has been sent to Postmaster L. G. Daniels by the man who found it and who is now living in Brazil. This gentleman was a Confederate soldier and was in New Berne on the day that communication was lost and picked it up on the street. Sticking it in his pocket he thought no more of the matter and it remained with him until after the war and was then laid away with other papers. In the meantime this man went to Brazil and has resided there ever since. A week or more ago he, while looking over some old documents, ran across the letter he had found in New Berne more than half a century ago and, thinking that the writer might still be alive and in the city, he forwarded it to Postmaster Daniels with a request that he turn it over to the owner if she could be found. After making inquiry Mr. Daniels found the party desired and as she is now out of the city, he will place the letter in her hands as soon as she returns home. This little incident shows that the world is not such a big old place after all.—New Berne Journal.

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